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MEMOIR
OF
JANA WILLIS

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By Exchange







MEMOIR
OF
ANNA WILLIS,

(LATE OF JERICHO, L. I.)

BY HER FATHER,

THOMAS WILLIS.

NEW-YORK:
JAMES EGBERT, PRINTER, 374 PEARL-STREET,
(SUCCESSOR TO M. DAY'S PRESS.)

1854.

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By exchange.

MEMOIR OF ANNA WILLIS.

IN the dispensations of an over-ruling Providence, another bereavement having fallen to my lot, by the decease of my beloved daughter Anna Willis, I feel disposed to preserve a memorial concerning her; desiring that the review of her pious and exemplary life may prove an incitement to others, (especially her junior survivors,) to pursue the same path of fidelity and obedience.

In very early life she gave evidence of a clear sense and discrimination of right and wrong, and of propriety of conduct amongst her little schoolmates, to whom she was an excellent example.

As a daughter she was affectionate and dutiful, no act of disobedience to her parents being recollected, and scarcely an omission of filial duty: on one occasion, however, when a little girl, having yielded to the temptation of eating a few berries given to her in charge for her mother, she was soon after observed to be weeping, in consideration of her unfaithfulness, and that it was then out of her power to fulfill that duty.

This tendering visitation of Divine love illuminating her understanding, was probably remembered with instruction to herself in years then to come—her

youth being characterized by remarkable integrity and conscientious regard for truth, which, with increasing years, expanded into a watchful care, faithfully to discharge her various duties, however in the cross to her natural will.

About her sixteenth year, her aged grandmother, Anne Willis, being suddenly removed from works to rewards, her sensitive mind was thereby deeply affected, and brought under more serious reflection upon the necessity of so living under the influence and government of the Truth, as to be in readiness to meet the solemn change that awaits us all.

From this time it became her increased concern to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the God of her salvation, and to know his redeeming love to cleanse her soul from all impurity ; in the course of which refining dispensation, she had many struggles and proving baptisms to pass through, unknown to the common observer. Notwithstanding her circumspect walk thus far, her natural temper, vivacity of mind, and love of this transitory world, doubtless needed to be brought more fully into subjection to, and acquiescence with, the Divine will ; her sense of which, and of her short coming, is set forth in the following lines, entitled, "My Confession,"—written during partial convalescence from lingering weakness :

I stood upon a barren mount,
 Far from the pasture and the fount
 Which once allured my longing sight,
 Which once I tasted with delight ;
 And learned for these, but dross to count
 Fair pleasure scenes, though e'er so bright.

When thus I'd left the narrow way,
 And wandered on till far astray ;
 Then with corroding cares oppress'd,
 With anxious doubt and fears distress'd,
 I oft bemoaned the hapless day
 I left the fold of peace and rest.

But fast the spoiler held his prey,
 The guilty victim of delay,
 Until my shepherd's rod was laid,
 In mercy, on that victim's head :
 Then groaning 'neath affliction's sway,
 There seemed a promise sweetly made,

To raise again this trembling frame,
 To bless and praise his Holy name,
 If I would but resign the will
 That proved, e'en now, rebellious still—
 As when an oft rekindling flame
 Defies full long the fireman's skill.

I yet rebelled, ah ! wretched one !
 Was mercy now for ever flown ?
 No, for 'twas mercy followed still,
 His gracious purpose to fulfil,
 To bid me trust in Him alone,
 And to subdue this wayward will.

'Twas then my frail and trembling form
 Bowed low, to meet the righteous storm :
 Then came an hour of deep distress,
 On this ungrateful one to press :
 But mingled kindness strove to warm
 The heart accustomed to transgress.

Yet long this vain and treach'rous heart
Presumed to act the rebel's part ;

Then did His judgments follow too ;
'Then did His chastening rod pursue,
My fondly cherished plans to thwart,
And fix my hopes on him alone.

But can the Ethiop change his skin,
Become what ne'er before he's been ?

Can Leopard cast his beauteous spot,
Upon a form that wears it not ?
Then may the captive, bound in sin,
Cast off her chains to be forgot.

At length the struggling captive cried,
"O let my soul in thee confide,
My God, my Saviour, and my guide !
For thou canst gain the victory,
And set the fast bound captive free ;
Canst lead her on through paths untried,
And bring the wand'rer back to thee.

"Tho' long the conflict, and severe,
Still, thou, my gracious Lord, wast near ;
Yes, and in times of deep dismay,
Thy power didst wond'rously display,
This drooping, aching heart to cheer,
And turn the darkness into day !

"For all I bless thee, O my God !
Supporting staff, and chast'ning rod ;
Let both be welcome still to me,
If they but bring me nearer thee ;
Teach me to tremble at thy nod,
And help me every sin to flee.

"Before, I bowed to meet thy stroke,
 Now let me bend to wear thy yoke :
 O lead me in thy holy way,
 And let me go no more astray,
 Since thou the captive's bond hast broke,
 And from the foe, hast torn his prey,

"Now, O thou high and holy One !
 I pray thee, let thy will be done
 In this my tenant house of clay ;
 Subject me to thy righteous sway,
 And crown with joy my setting sun,
 When evening closes o'er my day."

Such was her sincerity and dedication that faith and patience were granted, strengthening her to persevere through all her secret exercises, and in good measure to fulfil the injunction of her Lord and Master, "when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance—but thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face ; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Thus she was enabled to be cheerful with her friends, and her conversation oft-times was engaging and instructive.

Though affable and free, yet inwardly watchful, she was a lover of retirement, and of reading the Holy Scriptures and meditating thereon ; and a concern rested on her mind, especially with advancing years, not only for the observance of a little time of quiet in the morning, with the daily reading of the Scrip-

tures in the family, but also for the frequent assembling of the family in the twilight or evening of the day, silently to wait upon the Lord.

In the performance of her domestic, social, and relative duties, she was kind and respectful to all; and, it is believed, gained the esteem of all who knew her,

When under bodily infirmity, of which she had considerable, she evinced much patience and resignation; believing that as she rightly improved under affliction, all would work together for her good.

After a partial recovery from one of those seasons, she presented her parents with the following address:—

O had I but a poet's fire,
To you I'd tune affection's lyre,
To wake some tender strain;
But ah! what now shall be my theme?
Can we indulge in joyous dream,
Beneath affliction's reign?

My Parents! Oh! what can I say,
When she who hop'd to be your stay
In your declining age,
Shorn of her strength, a burden proves
To those whom most on earth she loves,
In life's incipient stage?

And when fond Hope her lamp has trimm'd,
How oft its lustre has been dimm'd
By disappointment's breath!

When from her lips with warmth it came,
 How oft that fondly cherished flame
 Has found a silent death !

But in the path your daughter's trod,
 She sees a Father's chast'ning rod,
 And knows it was required :
 Knows that His ways are just and true,
 Sweetened with tender mercy, too,
 That never yet has tired.

Oh ! that we might no more repine,
 But every wish to Him resign
 Who wounds, and also cures ;
 For through affliction's darkest day
 Though mists of doubt obscure the way,
 His providence endures.

And now, forgive, of all you 've heard,
 Each murm'ring or unguarded word,
 For filial love endures ;
 For e'en affliction's rugged hand
 Has woven but a softer band,
 To bind my heart to yours.

In the 32nd year of her age, she endured a long and tedious illness ; meeting the same with remarkable fortitude and calmness, as a dispensation necessary for her further refinement, and for drawing her affections more unreservedly from this delusive world. She had, however, at times, close and proving exercises, as well as seasons of divine enjoyment. At one time,

when under much bodily distress, she said, "I am wrestling for the blessing : my dear Redeemer wrestled until the sweat ran down his face."

In a season of quiet, partially relieved from distress, she covered her face, and lying still a few moments, broke forth in supplication, "O, Heavenly Father, I look unto thee, casting myself wholly on thy care and keeping ; not depending on physician or mortal man, but upon thee alone ! I ask not for lengthened days, in this state of trial and affliction ; but rather that I may depart, and enter into the blessed mansion prepared for me, where all sorrow and tears are no more : nevertheless, let thy blessed will be done !"

At another time, "O how I feel my Maker to be near, and to support me : it is no matter what the body suffers ; Oh ! it is a glorious privilege to suffer for the sake of Him ' who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' " Again, "I am in the arms of my dear Redeemer, and his love is better to me than life." In a time of stillness she gently said, "The joy of purified spirits !" To her mother she said, "Oh ! the strength there is in love, Divine love ! it supports through all trials and afflictions. O how bright the prospect is before me ! The conflict, I believe, will soon be over : I am still in the arms of my Beloved, and his love is sweet."*

To her sister she said, "Why are you pained for me ? grieve not for me ; though strange things have happened

* "I look at the face of my dear Redeemer, for sweet is his voice, and his countenance is comely." J. WOOLMAN.

to me, the wonderful God hath done wonderful things ; and glorious is his name ! The breath of the Almighty hath preserved this fabric from destruction : let not mortal man say what doest thou ? The will of the Lord be done ! He can say unto me, Live. If it seem good unto him, he can heal all my bruises ! He hath crowned me with loving kindness ; blessed be his name ! He hath given me a mouth to speak, and a tongue to praise him."

Some time after this, near the evening of a very trying day, looking out at the window, she said, "How beautiful is the face of nature ! I do not know that the works of nature ever looked so pleasant to me : they are all the works of my Heavenly Father, and I will praise him." The same evening she observed to her father, " I think I never longed so much to be released from these bonds : I am afraid I am not patient enough : " but soon after expressed her feeling sense of the " necessity of resignation to Divine disposal, either in life or death."

These, and others of her expressions, as also her composition while on the sick bed, were evidences of her varied exercises, and of the love and mercy extended for her support during this afflictive dispensation.

As her strength became gradually restored, persevering in her Christian course, she had frequent opportunities of administering comfort to the afflicted, of extending the word of sympathy to the deeply tried mind, and consolation to the mourners—endeavoring to draw their attention from earthly to heavenly enjoyments. Having herself early submitted to the

cleansing operation of Divine grace, and also partaken largely of the cup of adversity, she was prepared to invite others to the fountain whence she derived consolation and strength.

To a sympathising friend she thus imparts her own feelings : "I do not weep now that the glowing visions and swelling hopes of youth have been blighted, for sooner or later they must perish ; I do not lament that my fragile bark has been tossed on the sea of affliction, for the mariner was prone to cast anchor on the shores of this world. Though still assaulted by trials from within and without, and sorely tempted to repine, I know they are controlled by Him who doth not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men : all his chastisements are mercies, and often peculiarly shared by the children of his love. But for this my soul hath been painfully touched with sorrow—that though the Beloved of souls often knocked at the door of my heart, yet its inner chamber not being prepared to receive him, He did not gain that free admittance asked for. No wonder that when I would fain have opened unto him, he had withdrawn himself ! that long I sought him and found him not ! But, Oh ! the adorable condescension which hath at times emptied a cup of sorrow, and made it to overflow with joy ! when He who had withdrawn himself was pleased to return, to bind up the broken hearted ; and both immediately and instrumentally to preach good tidings, and to proclaim liberty to the captive !"

In an Essay without date, having made allusion to Friends travelling in the ministry, she proceeds, "How

beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that publisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth !”

Far be it from me to exalt the instruments, though I thus speak, and though we may esteem them highly for their works’ sake : yet truly the soldier of the cross must not rejoice in any works which he hath wrought, when following the captain of his salvation ; but when through His might he hath triumphed for a season over the world, the flesh, and the devil, he hath still need to obey the injunction of our Lord—

‘Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you ; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven ! ’”

In her last letter to a beloved correspondent under date Fifth month, 1853, she thus expresses her views of Christian fellowship and responsibility : “Very precious to me were some of the sentiments contained in thy letter, especially where thou speaks of bearing one another upon our hearts before the Lord. Oh ! how sweet it is to believe, that at times, however unworthy, we are thus borne by those who have near access to the Chief Shepherd ! But I am sometimes brought fearfully to realize, that all the instrumental, as well as immediate aid received, increases our accountability to Him ! O for more of the patient waiting, until the still small voice is heard, to instruct us how to serve so good a Master !

“How wonderful is the purpose of the captain of our salvation, in suffering his followers to be at times

assaulted by their enemies, and to feel the force of the weapons which are formed against them by a relentless and insidious foe ; until, in utter despair of their own strength, they are driven to take refuge under his all conquering arm !”

In conclusion she says, “ Finally, my dear friend, ‘unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,’ do I commend thee ; that he may grant thee, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man for every work he may appoint thee ; and bid thee farewell in a little measure of that love which I humbly trust is not of this world.”

About two months before her decease, she attended the Yearly Meeting in New York, and was much interested in the proceedings thereof ; in allusion to which, she writes, “ We renewedly felt at this time, the vacancy occasioned by the removal of pillars from the Church militant ; and were ready to say, ‘By whom shall Jacobarise ? for he is small.’ But we may thankfully acknowledge, that the Father of mercies was pleased to strengthen burden-bearers to labor and not to faint : and our Lord at times made himself known by the breaking of bread.”

In an Essay found amongst her papers, her views of the Christian faith are in this manner briefly unfolded : “ When an inspired prophet beheld in vision our holy Redeemer ‘taken from prison and from judgment,’ he queried, ‘who shall declare his generation ? for he was cut off out of the land of the living : for the transgression of my people was he stricken !’—He

soon after adds, 'when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.'

"Firmly do we believe in Him who died for our sins, and was raised again for our 'justification' and that he is now come in spirit to teach his people himself: that he watcheth over every part of his heritage, and hath chosen in every age, some to declare his generation. Doubtless there are those in the present day, who are of this chosen generation; that they should show forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light; and that the pleasure of the Lord doth indeed prosper in his hand through them."

Thus as she advanced in age and experience, endeavoring to improve the talents with which she was entrusted, an encouraging hope was indulged of her increasing usefulness in Society. But He whose wisdom is unsearchable and his ways past finding out, saw meet to cut short the work, and to number her here with the silent dead—but we reverently trust, in mercy infinite, to set free her redeemed spirit from the shackles of mortality and the infirmities attached thereto, to join the innumerable multitude which John saw in the visions of light, "Which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Her last illness being severe, attended with great excitement of the nervous system and difficulty of utterance, precluded much expression. A few inter-

vals, however, of quiet were granted, in which she manifested her unabated affection and solicitude for her nearest connections, particularly her aged father. In the early part of the disease she said to one of her nieces, "I wish thee to bear testimony that this is a dispensation."

In one of the seasons of quietude, she exclaimed with great sweetness and composure, "O! the love of my Heavenly Father!" At another time no expressions were understood, except the ejaculation, "Glorious"—and near her close, with an earnest and most affectionate look upon two of her nieces, she said, "Remember your Lord!" presently adding, "Let me go:" and soon after quietly ceased to breathe, on the 20th of Seventh month, 1853, aged forty years and five months; leaving an example which echoes the silent, but impressive language, follow me, as I have endeavored to follow Christ my Saviour.

In the absence of a private journal, the poetical effusions of her pen may serve to show her pious and devotional spirit; and in accordance with the wishes of some of her friends, and with the hope that they may prove instructive to the Christian traveller, selections have been made for insertion here.

Lines composed in a time of sickness.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

COWPER.

Upon an awful strand I stood,
 And for deliverance cried ;
 Before me roll'd a boisterous flood,
 A deep and fearful tide.

Freedom I asked, but could not break
 Earth's soft resistless ties ;
 I long'd for peace, but could not make
 The perfect sacrifice.

'Twas but to sever bonds whose strength
 Long held my soul in pain,
 That Mercy launch'd my bark at length
 Upon the billowy main.

But when 'twas granted to discern
 A pilot at the helm,
 I felt my heart within me burn—
 No wave could overwhelm.

My gallant ship then safely rode
 Affliction's raging sea ;
 Though oft before the blast it bowed,
 It rode triumphantly :

For hope and love still bore it on
 Above each mountain wave,
 Which threatened in a fearful tone,
 To furnish it a grave.

The fear which moved me most to pain,
 Was, lest, when storms were o'er,
 My hopes would anchor yet again,
 On Earth's deceitful shore :

For as each billow lost its crest,
 And gently swell'd the sea,
 Earth promised some sweet port of rest
 Would be her gift to me.

My pilot's counsel oft was urged,
 To shun the treach'rous land ;
 But, ah ! my vent'rous bark oft verged
 Too near the tempting strand.

Then oft, to mercy's throne on high,
 Arose a fervent prayer,
 O Lord, let not thy pitying eye,
 Nor hand of judgment, spare,

Until fond hope shall be bereft
 Of Earth's alluring stores ;
 And find not even canvas left,
 To speed me to her shores.

But when at length a tempest rose,
 In answer to my prayer,
 Beside me stretched, to crown my woes,
 The quicksands of despair.

I turned to shun the direful shore,
 And hugged the howling blast ;
 Still gathering hope of good in store,
 From each deliverance past.

But as I saw the billows roll,
 How awful was the hour ;
 The thunders shook my inmost soul !
 I felt the lightning's power !

My bark still rode the storm-lash'd wave,
 But masts and sails were riven ;
 And every spar I sought to save,
 To winds and waves was given ;

Till, when the storm seemed courting rest,
 A wreck forlorn I lay :
 No earthly hopes could lull my breast,
 Or with the zephyrs play.

And He who saw my helpless case,
 Oft at his sovereign will,
 Hid from my eyes his shining face,
 To lay me lowlier still.

"Come, from my helm no more depart,
 Thou pilot of the soul ;
 Fain would the wand'rer yield her heart
 To thy supreme control.

"With nothing left to deem her own,
 No loss will she bewail,
 If thou wilt steer her safely on,
 The port of Peace to hail."

Where is the shipwrecked trav'lers home ?
 Are those broad rivers dry,
 Where never galley yet could come,
 Or gallant ship pass by ?

No ! still they flow, as sung of yore,
 From the High and Holy One ;
 Giving a taste where e'er they pour,
 Of bliss before unknown.

Thrice blessed shall those spirits be,
 Who drop an anchor there ;
 The riches of Eternity
 Will every loss repair.

What beauty crowns the land afar,
 And city where they run,
 Bright in the beams of Beth'hem's star.
 An ever glorious Sun !

When shall this Sun in love arise,
 With healing in his wings,
 To bless the purchased sacrifice,
 Who languishes and sings ?

He surely will unveil his face
 At the appointed hour,
 And shed abroad his beams of grace,
 With majesty and power.

Come, Sister suff'ers, follow on
 To know his perfect will,
 His way will be like morning's dawn,
 Prepared by matchless skill.

And when the noontide beams shall beat,
 Or clouds the skies deform,
 His wing will shadow from the heat,
 Or shelter from the storm.

His rays will pierce through evening's gloom,
 To light the Christian's way,
 And change the darkness of the tomb
 To everlasting day.

The Soldier of the Cross.

A Captain led a soldier on
 O'er many a battle field ;
 And many a fight was nobly won,
 With sword, and spear, and shield.

Oft times he saw a comrade go
 To share a peaceful home,
 While still through danger, toil, and woe,
 'Twas his sad lot to roam.

And much that soldier wondered why
 'Twas thus ordained to him,
 To march so oft at battle-cry,
 With aching heart and limb.

Fear not, thou soldier of the Cross !
 Press on through pain and toil,
 Though all thy gain be counted loss,
 Thou yet shalt share the spoil.

Fear not, He holdeth now in store
 Rich treasures yet for thee ;
 Perhaps ere the last fight is o'er,
 Rest will thy portion be :

A rest far sweeter for thy toils,
 E'en in this world of woe ;
 A portion richer for thy spoils,
 His goodness may bestow.

Fear not ! should Earth deny to thee
 A lengthened rest from woes,
 Eternal rest must surely be
 Thy long and blest repose,

When from the last unequal fight,
 Angels shall bear thee on,
 A conqueror through Immanuel's might,
 To stand before the Throne.

On Happiness.

Whence flows thy pure and crystal stream ?
 Where do thy waters roll ?
 Beneath the equatorial beam ?
 Or round the icy pole ?

Gush they from rocky mountain's side,
 Or through the lowly vale ?
 Do they in gladsome murmurs glide,
 Responsive to the gale,

That rustles through the tall green trees,
 Or stirs the blushing flowers,
 Which Flora there delighted sees,
 Within her fragrant bow'rs ?

They flow where now the tropic sun
 Looks down with burning eye ;
 They roll within the frigid zone
 Beneath the moonlight sky :

They flow adown the mountain's side,
 And through the lowly vale ;
 They fall upon the rolling tide,
 And dew the swelling sail,

Then why, since through each land and clime,
 Thy joyous waters flow,
 Does man proclaim through space and time,
 Himself the heir of woe ?

Because he fain would quench the thirst
 Of an immortal mind,
 At streams which flow from sordid dust ;
 To purer fountains blind !

For how unlike the streams of earth,
 Nursed by the craggy mount !
 Thy waters owe their vital birth
 T' a higher, holier fount.

And like the gentle summer showers,
 Descending from above,
 On grateful hearts which yield, like flowers,
 Incense of joy and love,

They wake to life each latent germ,
 And bid the gen'rous soil,
 In many a new and beauteous form,
 Repay the lab'rer's toil.

Through soils like these thy streamlets roll,
 In gladsome murmurs by,
 Descending, like the immortal soul,
 From purity on high.

O Thou pure source of light and love !
 Of never ending bliss !
 Who deign'st to look from worlds above,
 On weary souls in this ;

Dispel the mists that dim our sight,
 Anoint our eyes to see
 Those streams of pure unmixed delight,
 Which flow from love to thee ;

That, drinking at that fountain first,
 Earth's joys may be refined
 T' allay, but not to quench, the thirst
 Of an immortal mind.



Hope.

As a pris'ner bird of song,
 Which has raised his tuneful voice,
 Pouring melody along,
 Bids the list'ner to rejoice ;

So dost thou, though prisoned still,
 Here, where rust and moth destroy,
 Charm the sorr'wing heart at will,
 With thy songs of coming joy.

As that songster, when some hand
 Opens wide his prison door,
 Trembling, hov'ring, seems to stand,
 As if fearing to explore

This new world of liberty,
 All unwished for, and unknown ;
 So, sweet Hope, when all from thee,
 Riches, health, and friends are gone ;

Those fond ties which held thee long
 Pris'ner in this vale of woe,
 Bound by some enchantment strong,
 Wouldst thou linger here below ?

Why not cleave, on rapid wing,
 Freely, yonder bright domain ?
 Why not tune thy voice to sing
 A far sweeter, holier strain ?

For shouldst thou resign to Heav'n
 Freely, thy enchanting tongue,
 Songs to thee would then be giv'n,
 Which before thou never sung.

Realms of heav'nly love and light !
 Have they still no charms for thee ?
 O thou beauteous angel bright,
 Spread thy plumes, and prove them free.

Spread thy plumes and soar away
 Where no phantoms mock thine eye,
 Till in Heav'n's eternal day,
 Thou art lost in certainty.

On the death of a Cousin, to his nearest Relatives.

Mourners, doth the vale of sorrow,
 Seem too darksome for your tread ?
 To'wards the coming of to-morrow,
 Looks your aching heart with dread ?

And hath mem'ry brought her treasures,
 Not to grant you kind relief:
 But to tell of bygone pleasures,
 Only to augment your grief?

He, who sees the falling sparrow,
 Marked the bending of the bow,
 When His archer sped the arrow
 Which has laid your lov'd one low.

And unto the house of mourning,
 May He lead you not in vain;
 But vouchsafe, at your returning,
 Soothing balm for every pain.

Lines suggested by a visit to the Institution for the Blind.

A stately mansion proudly rose,
 To meet th' admiring stranger's eye;
 But ah! within its walls were those,
 Who shared her tend'rest sympathy.

Ye stricken ones! your Father hath
 Rich treasures ye may never view;
 Yet O! think not it was in wrath,
 He shut the world of sight from you.

His love and mercy slumber not;
 His eye is watching o'er you still:
 And He will surely bless the lot,
 Of all who love and do His will.

Then, what though beauteous scenes and bright,
 To you in midnight darkness lie!
 There dawneth now unwonted light,
 Upon your intellectual eye.

Yea more—hath not a Heav'nly ray,
 Oft times shone o'er you from above,
 To guide you in the narrow way
 Of peace, of holiness, and love ?

Then follow on, nor dare to turn
 Your footsteps from this path aside ;
 So will that flame more brightly burn,
 And e'en when death, at even tide,

Shall be commissioned from on high,
 To rend your darksome veil of clay,
 On your enraptured spirits' eye,
 May dawn an everlasting day.

To A. T.

On ocean's calm unruffled breast,
 Methinks thy gentle bark I see,
 Each image, on the scene impressed,
 But bringing joy and hope to thee,
 With just a gentle moving gale,
 Enough to fill thy swelling sail.

But ah ! should clouds the skies o'ercast,
 Should winds be loosed, their powers to try,—
 In contrast with the peaceful past,
 Should winds with waves in fury vie—
 With best of pilots at thy helm,
 O may no threat'ning wave oerwhelm.

And when the storm has sunk to rest,
 And winds are heard in whispers low,
 When calmed is ocean's troubled breast,

May it be thine with joy to know
 All has but sped towards that shore,
 Where winds nor waves can harm thee more.

To Pleasure.

Thou wast admist the joyous throng,
 When morning stars together sang,
 And when, in echoes to their song,
 A new and glad creation rang.

And ere creation's lord first strayed,
 Free with his fair and sinless bride,
 Thou dwelt beneath their Eden's shade,
 And by its crystal waters' side.

When Bethl'hem's Prince was born to reign,
 And tidings borne by angel tongue,
 Thou mingled with the shepherds' train,
 While angel choirs in chorus sung.

Thou oft hast been a transient guest,
 On many a favored earthly shore ;
 Thy home is where the weary rest,
 When conflicts, toils, and tears are o'er.

In haunts of folly, vice, and sin,
 Let sinners seek thee, child of bliss,
 They seek, but thus can never win,
 Thy pure and holy extacies.

But in the meek believer's heart,
 Thou oft shalt find a flame of love ;
 And bring, ere yet he hence depart,
 A foretaste of the joys above.

"It is I, be not afraid." MAT. XIV. 27.

When Gennesaret's waters were lash'd by the storm,
And the billows before it fled fast,
Till they swelled into many a mountainous form,
A fearful highway to upcast,

When the bark of the fishermen rode in alarm,
An Omnipotent Saviour was nigh ;
Yet they deemed they beheld but a spirit of harm,
Till in mercy he spake, "It is I."

When scourged by the storm, though against thee
 their might,
All the winds and the waters combine,
O Christian ! fear not, for though hid from thy sight,
That Omnipotent Saviour is thine,

Though thou walk not the waters, thy Master to meet,
Like his loving disciple of old,
Affliction may safe bear through faith to his feet,
And, when sinking, his hand can uphold.

To Elizabeth Coggeshall.

Thou, trumpet bearer for the Truth,
Askedst thou for lines from me ?
Shall inexperience or youth,
Presume to sing to thee ?

To thee, whose voice has sounded far,
O'er list'ning land and wave,
Sweet songs of praise to Bethl'hem's Star,
When he arose to save !

His word, when threat'ning tempests lowered,
 Obedient winds hath stayed ;
 As when Gennesaret they scoured,
 And e'en his friends dismayed.

Tempests without and storms within,
 Have yielded to his might ;
 And many a deep laid snare of sin,
 Was harmless through his light.

In many a conflict he hath fought,
 Against assailing foes ;
 And when through Him was victory wrought,
 To Him thy songs arose.

And dost thou look with fearful heart,
 Adown the darksome vale,
 Through which believers must depart,
 A better home to hail ?

Will He who long has fought for thee,
 Forsake thee in the hour,
 Which yet must crown thy victory,
 Through his all conquering power ?

Nay ! though through waters thou must go,
 Or though the fires assail,
 "The waters shall not overflow,"
 Nor yet the fires prevail.

He will be strength against the foe,
 When flesh and heart shall fail :
 Thy spirit long oppress'd by woe,
 Shall drop her mortal veil,

And soar on high to meet the throng
 Before the Heav'nly throne,
 Who join in one triumphant song,
 T' the Father and the Son.

To Lydia Dean,

On hearing her intimate, when disease seemed to
 be undermining her constitution, she did not much
 wish to live.

Art thou weary then of life,
 Oh afflicted and bow'd down ?
 Will not lengthen'd toil and strife,
 Gain for thee a weightier crown ?

Wouldst thou then, that Jordan's tide,
 Now was rolling at thy feet ?
 Wouldst thou be Immanuel's bride,
 Ere thy crown be made complete ?

Wait, O burden bearer, wait,
 For unless thou falter, yet
 Thou shalt reach the pearly gate,
 When the last bright gem is set.

To a friend in affliction.

Fear not, though the vale be lowly,
 Where a Shepherd's crook doth lead,
 All his purposes are holy,
 Suited to the soul's deep need.

Mountain top hath yielded never,
 Beauties like this humble vale ;
 Here are fountains springing ever
 Into streams that never fail.

Hath our mother Earth e'er given,
 Her full cup of joy to drain ;
 Till unto these waters driven,
 Weary souls must thirst again ?

Here are flowers with fragrance teeming,
 Beauties in the pilgrim's eye,
 Not like mountain blossoms, seeming
 Only born to droop and die ;

But to foster, as they flourish,
 ' Neath the half closed eye of day,
 Fruits the weary soul to nourish,
 When it fainteth in the way.

Israel's Shepherd watcheth o'er thee ;
 Though the vale seem deep and long,
 Fear not, here have trod before thee,
 Feet of all His ransomed throng.

Still to valleys deep and lonely,
 Oft He leadeth forth his own ;
 Still they learn to trust Him only,
 And to follow Him alone.

Now may He who led thee hither,
 Guide till pilgrimage is o'er,
 To that glorious mansion whither
 He himself hath gone before.

Consolation.

Mourners, rise, no longer nourish
 Prickly thorns, with murmuring tears ;
 These will only make them flourish ;
 Lo! the opened road appears.

Here, as sad experience teaches,
 Seldom man contentment finds ;
 Nothing less than Heavenly riches,
 E'er can fill immortal minds.

Why then, 'midst the earth's hard pressure,
 Would ye here abidance have ?
 Why forget the lasting treasure
 In reserve beyond the grave ?

There are flow'rs for ever blooming,
 Richest fruits that never cloy ;
 Spices, all the air perfuming,
 Never failing springs of joy.

Hark ! the holy harpers call us,
 To forsake this vale of woe ;
 Ills indeed may still befall us,
 But they 'll speed us as we go.

Lift your eyes then, timid mourners,
 T'wards that ever blessed state,
 Which, though here distress'd sojourners,
 Ye will soon participate.

Leave bewild'ring cares and sorrows,
 With all slavish fear behind ;
 We, in Him who goes before us,
 Ev'ry needed aid shall find.

His preserving love will cheer us
 On the strait and narrow way ;
 And through ev'ry conflict steer us,
 To the realms of endless day.

Lines on the death and burial of Abigail Keiler who died in peace and resignation, after a long and painful illness of cancer.

Friends gathered round without a knell,
 Ashes and dust to cover o'er ;
 But gold, thrice tried, had gone to swell
 The riches of eternal store,

Long had the furnace brightly burned,
 To purge that gold from all its dross,
 While many a heart had fondly yearned,
 On a stricken soldier of the cross,

Who durst not breathe one earnest pray'r,
 That wreathing flames were quench'd in night ;
 The great Refiner still was there,
 With hand of skill and arm of might.

And when He saw that dross and tin, •
 Had from the melted treasure flowed,
 Leaving the gold so pure within,
 That there His own blest image glowed,

He bade his angel quench the flame,
 Which had so long and brightly gleam'd ;
 And lo ! a rescued spirit came,
 To join the hosts of the redeem'd.

The victor came in triumph now,
 For more than conqueror was she,
 Through Him who stooped to crown her brow,
 With fadeless wreaths of victory.

On the death of an amiable young woman, happily settled in marriage, leaving her husband and one child.

When death had wrapp'd His friend in sleep,
 A Saviour wept below ;
 Then, mourners, ye may also weep,
 When grief must overflow.

But know ye, that the first ripe wheat,
 Is to the garner borne ?
 And murmur not that pilgrim feet,
 Can never more return.

Tell those who ask your lost one, why
 She sped her early flight,
 While morning spread a cloudless sky
 Above her pathway bright,

She was not weary of the smile
 And loves of mother Earth ;
 But her fond heart was woo'd the while
 By love of Heav'nly birth,

So strong, that though the tend'rest ties
 Had fondly clasped her round,
 She offered all in sacrifice ;
 Willing to be unbound.

When thorns around her pathway grew,
 They added zest to love ;
 For Gilead's balm and Hermon's dew
 Descended from above.

While parting scenes were passing oe'r,
 Never to be forgot ;
 With Death's dark river full before,
 She only, faltered not.

Thou dear departed ! well might He
 Who nerved thee then with might,
 The Captain of salvation, be
 Thy soul's supreme delight !

His arm alone was strong to save,
 When the last foe assailed :
 He bore thy head above the wave,
 Till a better home thou hailed.

Blest was thy transient tarriance here,
 And ever blessed be
 Thy exit to a happier sphere,
 To all who hung on thee !

Methinks, lest Earth their feet should stay,
 From paths a Saviour trod,
 Thou too, hast led "the shining way
 To glory and to God."

We ask no more, enough to know,
 Thy work on Earth is done ;
 And He who won thy heart below
 Hath made thee all his own.

Rest, loved one, rest ; thy pains are o'er,
 But not thy ministry ;
 Thou still dost speak, though gone before,
 To bid us follow thee.







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